

Untouched by AllGoatsGoToHeaven

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: !!!, Also they're in Steve's mom's bedroom, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Billy likes teaching Steve things, Blow Jobs, Bottom Billy Hargrove, Bottom Steve Harrington, Coming Untouched, Creampie, Edgeplay, Established Relationship, Harringrove, M/M, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Rimming, Steve Harrington - Freeform, and, and needless to say Billy is into the whole scenario, billy hargrove - Freeform, excessive cum, nothing too kinky I just love the visual of Steve on a pretty floral duvet, takes place some point after ST3

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Summary:

Hallways blur by, feet tangle. So high on this feeling that Steve didn't care to process what room they were in until his calves hit the mattress, and Billy was sprawling him all over his mother's duvet.

"Billy, c'mon." Steve said. Empty house, but kept a hushed voice. As if someone could hear them. "This is my mom's room."

Billy took in their surroundings with a knowing glance. The king-size bed was pristine other than the bit they'd roughed up. A floral print duvet, perfectly spread over the soft mattress - complete with matching pillowcases.

The bed frame was sleek and slender. Gold-trimmed. Soft woodwork, matching the vanity on the other side of the room. The vanity where

Steve's mother kept her jewelry, her pearls. Her perfume, her make-up, left sitting out in organized clusters. Elegant, thick curtains were down, covered all the windows. Protected them from the world outside.

A grin pulled at Billy's lips.

"I know." He replied, trapping his tongue between his teeth.

Untouched

Author's Note:

I have so many Harringrove one-shots compiled on my phone like SO MANY SHORT STORIES that I just haven't gotten around to posting because 99% of them are porn without plot

and there's a part of me that wants to get it 'presentable' and give it SOME story and context before uploading but

WE ALL KNOW THATS NOT GOING TO HAPPEN SO I'M JUST GONNA START POSTING THINGS

♡ ♡ ♡

ENJOY ♡
SaberGhatz

"Untouched"

Steve Harrington | Billy Hargrove
One-Shot • Established Relationship

♡ ♡ ♡

“Hi.”

And there was Billy, standing on Steve's porch. 9:30 PM, right on

time. All *done up* with dirty blonde curls falling in tight ringlets around his shoulders. He wore a heavy leather jacket to protect him from the crisp October breeze, and a white tank was tucked into his firm pair of blue jeans.

He grinned - all tooth and nail. Charismatic. Gave a cheeky glance down - cause Steve was wearing nothing but a green sweater and his *comfy* shorts. Steve *thought they agreed - tonight was supposed to be casual.*

“Hey.” Steve said. Straightened out his sweater. Felt his heart *stagger.*

“I was in the neighborhood.” Billy shrugged. *Casual.* “Thought I’d - stop by.”

“Is that right...” Steve mumbled. Played along.

“Are, *ah-*“ Billy blinked a couple times, all honey sweet and *lashes*. He leaned against the doorway, “Mr. and Mrs. Harrington - *home*, by any chance?”

Steve shook his head. “Sorry, buddy. It’s just you and me.”

Billy broke into a grin. “*That so?*”

Steve mirrored him, then busted up laughing. First to break. “Just get inside, asshole. You’re letting a breeze in.”

Billy shouldered past him, closing the door behind him. And by that point, Steve had already made his way to the stairs. He gestured towards upper floor with a brisk, "C'mon." and broke into a sprint, taking two steps at a time.

Billy took chase. So eager, his stomp of heavy boots hardly was stifled by carpeted stairs. He caught up quickly - took a playful grab at Steve's ass on the way up.

"Hey—" He slapped the open air behind him, laughing, and they all but broke into a tousle before reaching the second story.

Steve kept running once he hit the top floor, but Billy was quicker. He lunged for Steve's wrist - Spun him around and rutted him right up against the hallway.

Picture frames stuttered with their impact, slacking diagonally. It was rushed and messy - heavy and desperate. Felt the rough drag of Billy's teeth before he cushioned the kiss, pushed his tongue along Steve's lower lip. Slipped right into his mouth.

And Steve hummed. Tangled his fingers in Billy's mane and kissed him *sideways*. Intoxicated by the scent of Billy's cologne as it hit him full-force. Kissed the fresh nicotine off his tongue, *drowned* in it.

Billy had agreed to come over tonight. Hang out. Watch a couple movies that Steve had swiped from Family Video. But with the house all to themselves, they both knew what tonight would really entail.

And if Billy's musk and *getup* was anything to go by - the guy wasn't about to *waste any time*.

Billy was already *hard* in his jeans - Always goes so easy for Steve. Has him flush against the wall, lets out a chuckle when Steve whines. When his breath hitches.

Their feet start moving again.

Hallways blur by, feet tangle, so high on this feeling that Steve didn't care to process what *room* they were in until his calves hit the mattress, and Billy was sprawling him all over his mother's duvet.

He's dizzy when he gazes up at the ceiling. Woozy, like his dick stole all the damn blood flow from his brain. He fixates on Billy - Who's climbing on top of him. Can't keep his hands off of him.

Humming, Steve reaches for the lapels of Billy's jacket, pulls him down, rocks him in.

Billy let out a throaty moan. Feverishly parts Steve's lips, let his tongue dip into Steve's mouth. Completely lost himself when Harrington hummed beneath him. Opened his mouth - wider. Lapped back with a gentle fervor.

Had Billy leaking in his tight jeans. *Aching*, so heavy and jeans tight, tight, tight -

“Hey.” Steve said, gentle.

And Billy hardly realized he'd started *grinding* between Steve's legs. Put on autopilot, animal seeping through his conscious - primal desire winning over common sense when he blinked lazily and hummed, “What.”

“Billy, c'mon.” Steve said. Empty house, but still a hushed voice. Like someone could hear them, “This is my *mom's* room.”

Billy took in their surroundings with a knowing glance. The king-size bed was pristine, other than the bit they'd roughed up. A floral print duvet, perfectly spread over the soft mattress - complete with matching pillowcases.

The bed frame was sleek and slender. Gold-trimmed. Soft woodwork, matching the vanity on the other side of the room. The vanity where Steve's mother kept her jewelry, her pearls. Her perfume, her make-up, left sitting out in organized clusters. Elegant, thick curtains were down, covered all the windows. Protected them from the world outside.

A smile pulled at Billy's lips.

“*I know.*” He replied, *pointedly*. He loomed over Steve, trapped his tongue between his teeth. Wagged it.

“Stop it.” Steve pushed his chest. “So gross.”

“It’s just.” Billy leaned back, shucked off his heavy jacket with a dramatic *sigh*. He tossed his jacket onto the rug, and that sealed the deal. “Your wallpaper gives me a *headache*, Harrington.” He watched Steve’s brows furrow, *chuckling*.

“*You give me a headache. Jesus.*” Steve drawled. He ran his hand through his hair, breath short.

“Plaid, plaid, more plaid.” Billy tossed his head, and Steve watched his tight curls sway, earring bounce around. “Then I lift your blankets, and what do I see? Plaid sheets.”

“Maybe I’ll *wear* plaid next time.” Steve’s brows raised, blasé. “Just to spice it up.”

“I *dare* you.” Billy bared his teeth.

“Maybe I’m wearing some right now.” Steve said. Cheeky.

Billy popped his tongue. “You better not be.”

“What if I am?”

Billy frowned. “Guess I’ll have to rip ‘em off.”

He pushed Steve down, kissed him again.

Had Steve *beaming*. Rubbing against the stubble on Billy’s cheek, tongue rolling along his lower lip.

Billy pulled back with a heavy breath. Kissed his jaw, kissed his neck. *Grinded*, had Steve *kicking* in his shorts.

He reached over, tugged the nightstand lamp on. And when its warm light cascaded over the two of them - Billy paused for a beat.

Let his lazy gaze wander all over Steve’s face. Zeroed in on his pouty lips - parted all full and red - Face flushed, always so *pretty*. His messy hair was strewn over his face, all over the duvet - He hadn’t gotten it trimmed in months.

Billy mapped the moles on Steve’s face. Followed them down, down. Billy leaned in, nipped at his jaw. Kissed his neck.

Steve inhaled sharply, tingles shooting through every synapse. Sighed into Billy’s curls.

“Mmm. Missed you..” Steve admitted. Winced - *Breath staggering* when Billy *bit* down.

“Saw you this afternoon.” Billy rumbled. Bit him again, hard enough to make Steve *moan* this time. “On break.”

“Yeah, tell me about it.” Steve breathed. “*Ow, hey-*“

“Looked so fuckin’ *hot* in those new *jeans*.” Billy hummed, breath hot on Steve’s sore skin.

“Yeah?” Steve hummed. “You noticed?”

“Noticed.” Billy *mused*. His lips popped against Steve’s neck, words getting *rushed*, “Course I *noticed*. Were so fuckin’ tight on you. Jesus. Could barely *hold back*, y’know.”

He grazed his teeth along Steve’s neck. Pressed his knee between Steve’s legs, made his breath *hitch*.

Billy gazed down, watched the way Harrington’s shorts rode up his thighs - Watched his big cock give a slow, *thorough* pulse when Billy’s palm grazed his inner thigh.

“Fuck.” Billy exhaled. Caught up in him. He wet his lips -

“Just wanted to jump the counter and-“ Billy ran his palm along Steve’s cock. Milked out a delightful sound when he cupped the

strained outline. Gave him a few strokes, just to watch Steve's pretty face gather up - *melt* -

"Make you ruin 'em from the inside out." Billy bit his tongue.

"Shit." Steve breathed.

Steve met Billy's lips, tasted the fading scent of Billy's cologne, washed with gasoline. Marlboro Reds. The hint of mint on his tongue - scratch of his stubble. It sent Steve reeling. Reaching, reaching out and grasping for a foothold. His fingers clenched around Billy's waist. Rocked him *closer*.

Steve's breath came in short gasps. Hear his own heart beating, and the blood roaring in his ears. Felt goosebumps prickle along his burning skin when Billy touched him - rubbed him through his shorts - Friction so warm and tight, felt *good*, so fucking good -

"Mmh-"

Steve cradled Billy's cheek. Felt Billy inhale through his nose, exhale right into Steve's mouth. Moaning. Needy.

Steve spread his legs, gave Billy *room* - and that was all well and nice, but -

Billy pulled back. Slapped Steve's thigh.

“Take ‘em off.”

Steve made a sound, just a startled breath, a compliant hum. Billy sat back to watch.

Watched Steve’s nimble fingers dig breath the band of his shorts, his boxers too. Lifted himself on the heels of his feet to pull the fabric off and if *that* wasn’t the prettiest sight. Tenting in that taut fabric, barely contained at all.

Billy followed the coarse hair on his belly, down, down, watched fabric expose dusky pink skin. More and more before Steve’s cock sprung free. Relief painted obvious on his flush face.

Steve tossed the shorts aside, and Billy stared. Fixated. Hardly realized he was moving in before Steve was cutting him off-

“Hey, hey!” Steve outstretched a hand and Billy paused. “Wait, lets just-“

Billy’s jaw tightened. Nose crinkling.

“Just - come up here first.”

Billy let Steve go, watched him scoot up to the top of the bed.

“We’ll have more room.”

Steve shimmed up, still resting on his back. Relaxed once his head hit the pillows.

Idly, Billy bit the inside of his cheek. Steve looked like a real king, all spread out against the floral duvet. Shirt riding up - cock resting, heavy, against his hip.

He was gazing at Billy with his warm brown eyes. Head tilted, expectant. Smile broadening when Billy followed him up -

“Oh-“ Steve said. Pointed at Billy’s feet. “No shoes on the duvet, man. Remember?”

Billy paused. Sighed. He toe’d off his shoes, with a pointed, “Whatever.” Shook them off on the floor. Then he lunged.

Steve let out a breathy gasp. Let Billy close in on him.

Heavy and eager, rough hands, rolling Steve against the sheets. Pressing him down. And down, down Billy went -

Calloused palms grazing down Steve’s hips - holding him firm - yanking Steve’s shirt up.

Steve's always been a pretty broad and lean guy. But it's October now, and with Hawkins getting progressively colder - Steve tends to puts on a couple pounds of winter weight. Just enough to drive Billy *crazy*.

Steve inhaled. Exhaled, at the ceiling when Billy shoved him down. Rocked him in.

“Christ.” Billy sighed. He gazed down, dragged his teeth over his lip. “What am I gonna do with you...” He rumbled.

His words went straight to Steve’s core - unbearably *taut*. And he gazed up at Billy, cheeky. Spread his knees, watched Billy gaze down with heavy lids. A woozy smile.

“You gonna punish me?” Steve spread his legs a little further -

Billy’s brows raised. “*Punish* you?” He blinked. Shook his head, amused.

“Yeah.” Steve cocked a brow. “Y’know. For wearing those jeans.”

Billy scoffed. “Jeans were the best part of my shift.”

“I know.” Steve smirked. “Saw you trying to trying to hide your hard-

on the whole time we were talking.”

Billy’s brows furrowed.

Steve shrugged, idly. “I noticed you left Family Video long before your break really ended. Sorry you had to go jerk off alone but, y’know. Robin’s a hawk.”

And a grin slowly spread on Billy’s face. “*You little shit.*” He grinded through his teeth, grinning like mad. “Teasin’ me on purpose now?”

“So.” Steve idly bit his lip. And, *fuck*, he looked gorgeous in the pale pink light. Eyes blown wide, lips shiny - wet. And Billy could already see bruises blooming on his neck. So high up on his neck - places not even his polo shirts would cover. “You gonna make me pay?”

Billy’s eyes were gleaming. Shape and dangerous. “Princess, you don’t know what you’re gettin’ into.”

Steve smiled.

“Take your shirt off.” Billy instructed.

And while Steve was busy with that, Billy trapped his tongue between his teeth.

Followed Steve's trail of hair down his chest, past his navel. Settled on Steve's cock, hard and *heavy* against his belly. Leaking like a faucet, watched precum shimmer on his pale skin, and -

Billy wet his lips and moved down on the duvet. Settled right between Steve's legs, and god he was - *Salivating* when he pressed his lips against Steve's thigh. Felt Steve's cock warm and *full* against his cheek. He grazed the pale skin with his tongue, felt Steve shudder - gasped when he bit down on his inner thigh.

“Billy-“

“Mmm.” Billy inhaled sharply, breathed in Harrington's musk. Kissed the dip of his thigh, again - Made Steve hitch.

His cock twitched against Billy's cheek. Knew what Steve needed, but - God, he's been waiting for this. Waiting so long to get Steve alone.

So he pushed Steve's legs up, all the way up, made him stagger.

“Whoa-“

Steve white-knuckled the sheets while Billy dove in, licked right over his hole. Paused for a beat, then did it again. Held Steve down 'cause he was squirming now. Humming.

Billy trapped Steve's legs up. Lapped his tongue up, up, pressed the

bridge of his nose into Steve's balls. Inhaled his scent, felt his own cock throb with need.

"Jesus, man..." Steve breathed.

And it does something to Billy. Still gets him all twisted up at the thought of Steve getting himself all prepped and clean - *just for him*.

Billy had half a mind left to just - Let go. To flip Steve over and fuck his lights out. His gut was tight, so heavy with lust, but - No. He needed to savor this.

Wanted both of them to last. Wanted tonight to *last*.

He hasn't gotten the chance to have Steve to himself like this in weeks. Steve's parents haven't been out of town since the beginning of the month, and during *that whole time* it's been quickies between shifts - blowjobs behind the arcade - getting handsy in his Camaro, and-

Even when Billy hangs around Family Video on his lunch break, that Robin is always there, *staring*, and well -

Well, Billy had been so close to breaking.

Hormones dialed up - It was difficult working so close to Steve. Billy's part-time job at the auto-repair shop was right down the road from

Family Video, so he could see Steve every day on break. It was great, but - It was torture.

Billy was about to take money out of his savings to rent a cheap *motel* when Steve finally broke the news to him this afternoon - *Parents are gone. Won't be home til morning. You should come by.*

Billy had spent *all evening* getting ready for this.

And God, Harrington was sprawled out so pretty now. Irresistible against his mother's luxurious duvet. Billy wanted to eat him alive.

Billy moved lower. Ran his tongue over Steve's hole. Added more *force* this time. Pressed his tongue against the delicate skin, pushed the very tip of his tongue inside, and-

"H-Ohh my god-" Steve breathed. Goosebumps blooming when Billy exhaled a warm gust - Spread him apart with a firm thumb and licked again.

With brute precision, Billy lapped over his fingers, rubbed his index against Steve's hole and pushed right inside.

Steve hummed. Arched his hips, a little. Took Billy's finger so easily, Billy couldn't help but push in a second.

"Fuck." Steve sighed. Gaze woozy while Billy started fucking into

him. Slicking him up, spreading him open.

And Billy was salivating like a dog, jaws gone wet with it. So he gathered it up, spat on Steve's hole, got him all *soaked*.

Steve sighed. Gasp staggering when Billy eased in - to the knuckle, flushed his palm against Steve's skin - Worked his fingers - *Faster*.

Billy groaned. Cock tensing, leaking in his jeans while he worked Steve up, worked him *apart*. So wet, it made Billy a little *winded*. Impatient. Just started *driving* into Steve's heat, coaxed wet slaps and squelches, and Steve groaned - *Tightened* around Billy's fingers when he curled them-

“Fuck.” Steve breathed. Woozy. Arched his hips.

“*Yeah* - You hear that, baby?” Billy purred.

Steve moaned. Brows taut, and Billy knew he had Steve's sweet spot. Kept pummeling it, just a little longer. Loved to feel him melt into it.

Billy inhaled through his teeth. Let out a throaty moan. Kept slapping into Harrington, deliberately *loud* - Beaming about it.

“Fuck, Billy-“ Steve keened his hips - weak. His cock twitched, and Billy watched Steve start *dripping* pre.

Had to be careful. Didn't want Steve *coming*, not yet-

"Mmh. Gonna treat you *good* tonight." Billy promised, "Don't you worry your pretty little head about it."

Then he pulled out. Left Steve spinning. All wound up and glaring, but-

Billy quickly pressed a wet kiss to the head of Steve's cock, coaxed out a moan. A throaty, "Yes-"

Steve's fingers were in his hair. Stroking his scalp. Tightened his grip, guided Billy along while he lapped up the length of Steve's shaft.

"Yes, Bill-“ Steve breathed.

And fuck, if that didn't wind Billy up. He groaned, grinded along the mattress to keep himself at bay. Rubbed along coarse denim and rutted into the wet spot in his jeans. Rutted again.

Lashes fluttering, Billy wrapped his lips around Steve's cock - sunk right down. Needed to keep his mouth busy.

"Je-esus..." Steve breathed. Brows screwed tight, lips falling in an open smile - *breathless*.

“Mmh.” Billy hummed. Glanced up at Steve before pulling up - sinking down *further*.

Made Steve *melt*.

And yeah - Steve was hung, but Billy was *really good*. Took him deep - is the only one who ever really *could*. Could almost take every inch of him, went as far as he could- just to *prove* it.

Brows taut - He pulled back before he could choke only to do it again - Eyes watering, addicted to the feeling - loved being stuffed full.

“Holy shit-“ Steve breathed. Strained, tilted his head back. “H-oh-“

Billy snarled. Took Steve deep, took him in until his throat constricted, ‘til he had to pull off-

Steve watched in wonder - Watched Billy move up, hair curtaining his face. Started bobbing faster, and Steve sighed at the rush of pleasure, the building *momentum*. Reached down to grab Billy’s curls - gently pulled them aside.

He gazed down at him, watched his heavy lashes flutter, his bushy brows relax as he set a comfortable rhythm.

And Steve got lost in the feeling - The warmth - The delicious drag of Billy's tongue, the *heat* -

Steve whined. Started to fuck up into Billy's mouth, couldn't even *help* it -

But a quick *graze* of Billy's teeth and a pointed look made Steve's eyes widen. Made him take it down a notch, *reminded* him who was really in charge here.

Billy's broad palm pressed against Steve's belly. Calloused hands, keeping him at bay.

He pulled back, spat on Steve's cock. Licked his fingers, and sunk down again. Was fucking *loud* about it, too, sucking and *humming*- Not even trying to put on a show, just - *Loved it*.

"Fuck, Billy..." Steve breathed. His thighs started to shake. Couldn't help but flex into the heat, just a little. Lost in the feeling of Billy's tongue - gliding up the underside - *Fuck* - Steve inhaled, exhaled at the ceiling.

Gently thrusted along - felt Billy moan. Stagger - Then he took him deeper, *drooling* and dripping down his cock, and Steve's lids fluttered. Turned *hazy*, tunnel-visioned with *pleasure* and -

-And Steve *gasped*, wide-eyed when Billy pushed a finger inside him, quickly followed by another.

“H’ah-“ Steve breathed. Toes curling when Billy started to scissor - thrust, *thrust*- “Mmh-“

And Steve *writhe*d. Hitched a gasp when Billy *thrust*ed, *thrust*ed, hooking his fingers so deep, he could feel the thick metal *ring* on Billy’s middle finger.

“Fuck-“

And Billy kept Steve preoccupied, swallowing him down - Christ - Steve started panting.

Cause Billy was drooling down his cock. Felt it gathering at the base, dripping all over the place. Heard Billy stagger, felt his throat *constrict*, and -

He pulled up. Kept pounding into Steve, added a third finger, and God, it was *obscene*.

“Christ, princess.” Billy chuckled. Glanced down. “Just *listen* to that wet fuckin’ cunt.”

Steve *groaned*, brows *tightening*. Billy crooked his fingers again, started to *thrust*, and Steve gripped the duvet - Overcome by a wave of *sweat*. Desire.

“Tell me how bad you want it.” Billy huffed.

Steve grunted. Lashes fluttering, cock leaking and Billy knew he found the spot.

“So bad.” Steve breathed. “Fuck, Billy-“

Billy was chuckling again. Humming. Made Steve squirm, keen into him - Groaning when Billy started *hammering* that spot inside him. Made his back arch.

“Mm-*h’ohh* - *Fuck me..*” Steve mumbled.

“Yeah, that’s right.” Billy inhaled, long and slow. Let it snag in his throat, growled. “Gonna fuck you *good* tonight, pretty boy.”

Billy watched his fingers slip in and out of Steve. Wanted him so bad, Billy’s cock gave an impatient kick. Soaking his jeans. So hard, it made him dizzy. Heavy and woozy -

“Mmmh-“ Steve breathed. Started rocking - *rocking* on Billy’s fingers, couldn’t even keep up, couldn’t keep track. Just needed, *needed more*- “Yeah. Yeah-“

“Alright,” Billy kissed the head of Steve’s cock. Let Steve rub and thrust along his tongue. Tasted Steve’s precum bubbling again, knew he was close - *So close* -

“Fuck-“ Steve grimaced. Rolled his head back, fingers clenching Billy’s mane. “Ohh, fuck - *Fuck - H-ah-*“

Billy moaned and Steve arched into the vibrations. Wound tight, so *tight*-

Then Billy pulled back with a deliberately loud pop. Licked his lips.

And Steve’s *jaw dropped*.

“Don’t stop-“ Steve pleaded, “I’m- Whoa, hey-“

Billy slipped his fingers out.

“*Hey - Hey!*”

Frowning, Billy squeezed Steve’s cock. Squeezed, *hard*, had Steve’s *brows pinching*. Had him biting his lip.

“Mmh-“ Steve gaped. “*The Hell*, man- I’m gonna, I’m - *guh-*“

He gave Steve’s cock another *squeeze* and Steve rolled his head back with a drawling, *disappointed* moan. Panting. Felt the edge *fading*.

Vision clearing.

“Gonna kill you.”

Billy chuckled. His gaze was heavy, looking so satisfied - *beautiful*. So savage and deranged while he watched Steve’s hips keep rocking. His cock twitched, *desperate* for a hole to fuck into. Glaring and *pouting all the while*.

“You know.” Billy pursed his lips. Pretended to *think*. “I seem to recall you.. *asking* to be punished?”

“C’mon.” Steve breathed. “C’mon, Billy. No. Please. Please, no, not now. Just - just let me cum - Don’t do this-“

Billy smirked. Then he struck. Climbed on top of Steve. Shoved him down, shocked him *still*.

“Oh, I’ll let you cum.” Billy affirmed. “But first.” Billy bared his teeth in a fearsome grin - beautiful and dangerous. He leaned down, pressed his lips to Steve’s ear. “You. Are going to *return the favor*.”

Steve gaped. “Oh.” Brows tightening when Billy started moving - *Grinding* back against Steve’s cock. And Steve’s eyes were wide. Cloudy and wild. And, “Mmh..” Steve bit hit lip, glanced down. Watched Billy’s body rock with glassy eyes, entranced. He let out a breathy laugh, “What kind’a punishme-“

Billy grabbed Steve’s chin. Tugged, and their eyes met with a calm *ferocity*.

“And you’re only gonna cum. When I say you can.” Billy stated,
“Think you can do that for me?”

Steve curled his toes. Panting, a little. But he nodded. Met fire with Fire. “Yeah. No, yeah, I -“

“Good.”

“Mmh.” Steve gave a lazy glance down, cupped Billy’s ass with his free hand. Massaged it. Got Billy’s body rocking, turned him to putty. So heavy on top of him, and -

“H啊-“ Steve breathed. “Shit.”

Steve kneaded through rough denim - Bit his lip and tried his best not to leak all over Billy’s favorite jeans.

“But just - You gotta give me a minute, man. Okay? Cause-” Steve let out a slow breath, tried to even his breathing. Calm his heart - beating in his ears, cause Billy was rocking against his cock, got him so close to the edge, and it *really wasn’t fair-*

Billy bared his teeth. Mirth in his eyes while he leaned back. Crossed his arms to pull off his tank.

Did it slow enough that Steve could really take in his form, watch dense muscle move beneath taut skin.

Billy rolled the shirt over his head, shook his hair out. Then moved to unbuckle his belt. Zipped open his fly, and sighed an audible *relief* when his cock sprung free. Commando, as usual. Already a *dripping mess* from pampering Steve.

“Jesus.” Steve breathed. Eyes wide.

Then Billy spat in his palm. Thumbed over his slit, spreading precum all over. He pumped himself along - gave a low moan. *Guttural* and dangerous and this - this *really wasn’t* helping Steve *recharge-*

Billy was so heavy - Thighs of firm muscle, clenching Steve’s waist. And the more Billy lost himself, the less he supported his weight, and Steve -

Steve was glaring up at him. Wiped some sweat off his forehead. Body wound up so tight, cock pulsing when Billy rubbed back against him. Started *grinding* and Steve bloomed back to life.

“Jesus-“

Billy pressed his brows. Waited for Steve to continue.

“Just don’t know how long I’m gonna last, man.” Steve exhaled a

laugh, shook his head a little. Embarrassed.

“Oh,” Billy drawled a laugh. “*You’ll last.*”

He slowed to a halt. Got up on his knees to slide the denim down his thighs.

Steve waited while he worked them down his legs, tossed them on the ground. Then he pinned Steve, rocked his body, and-

Steve sighed. Glanced down, watched Billy’s cock rub against his. Billy let out a throaty sound, thrusted, and Steve’s brows screwed with pleasure. Fluttered his eyes shut and melted into that friction.

Billy leaned in, slow. Paused and met Steve’s lips with a slow roll of his tongue. He rubbed his palms up Steve’s chest. Kissed him slow, ran his fingers through coarse chestnut hair. Gave a steady grind, thumbed over his nipple, made Steve *squirm*.

Then Steve pressed on Billy’s chest, hooked his leg around. Tried to *roll him over*, but-

Billy *shoved back*. Grinned while he pushed Harrington *firm*, held him flat on his back. Caught him by surprise, by the looks of it.

“You stay *right* where you are, pretty boy.” Billy’s voice was heavy and hoarse, made Steve’s spine tingle when Billy leaned back. Lifted

up.

“Mmh- Okay, just-“

Billy took a second to situate himself - Spread his legs over Steve's thighs - leaned back.

Without missing a beat, Billy reached back with skilled fingers, guided Steve's cock along-

Steve gaped when Billy lined himself up.

Steve inhaled, slowly. Blunt head pressing against that familiar *heat*.

“H'okay, *yeah*-“ Steve sighed.

Blinked at the ceiling a couple times, wide-eyed, cause he was getting all *twisted up* just at the thought -

“You alright?”

Steve nodded. “Fuck, Billy - I'm - *Yeah. Good*, just-“

So Billy pressed on. Sunk down, slow, let Steve glide *right into* that heat.

Just a little, still *enough* to make Billy drawl out a moan at the spread - the stretch. Lashes fluttering, breath snagging a bit.

"So good-“ And Steve’s delicate grip on his Billy’s thighs turned sharp while Billy took Steve deeper -

Deeper - ‘til Billy was drawling out a laugh. Baring his teeth and - “*Fuck...*”

The blinding heat, it was *amazing* -

“H’ah-“ Steve panted. So tight, he wanted to burst already, “*Shit*. ‘Should use more lube, man, what’re you-“

“Shut your pussy mouth, Harrington.” Billy rumbled. Bit his lip and rocked Steve deep, as deep as he *could*. Brows pinched sharp - “*Feels good like this.*”

“Yeah?” Steve hitched.

“Ohh, yeah-“ Billy chuckled. Sounded a little deranged. He glanced down at Steve, who looked so fucked out already. Hair a mess, eyes unfocused. He grabbed Billy like a lifeline, curled his toes. Mumbled a breathy, “Jesus, man - y’re so fucking *tight*, ‘*the Hell..*” Before rolling his head back against the pillow. Let out a hoarse breath. “So

fucking hot, Billy - *Christ..*"

And Steve could have just died like that. Chin tipped to the ceiling, wet lips parted. Breath stuttering. So Billy brought him back to life, braved to *move*, started grinding.

Billy was drawling out broken moans, hitching laughter. Balls deep, grimacing and *beaming* about it. "Fuck...."

He glanced down, brows wound up as he sunk all the way down, groaning. Cause Steve was *big*. Really fuckin' *big*, spread him so *good*, it almost hurt.

Billy's nose scrunched, tongue threatening to slip over his bottom lip. Steve twitched inside him, and that - That was *good*.

Steve's legs tensed. Lashes fluttering. So Billy moved his hips, took him in so deep. Nose scrunched, stuffed so fucking full -

"Mhm." Steve groaned. Sweaty, panting already. He started thrusting, couldn't help it. Was too warm, too wet. Didn't stand a chance against his own instincts - Burning to let go -

Steve rocked forward. Watched with big brown eyes, gripped Billy's strong thighs. Met his gaze.

Billy was drawling out broken moans, hitching laughter. Fucking

himself balls deep, grimacing and *beaming* about it. “Fuck, Harrington!....”

He glanced down, brows wound up as he sunk all the way down, groaning. Cause Steve was *big*. Really fuckin’ thick, hit him so deep.

“Shit...” Steve breathed. Toes curling. Felt like he was gonna *burst* from the pressure alone. “Mmh..”

Billy gazed down at Steve. His brows were pinched, tongue threatening to slip over his bottom lip. Eyes halfway up his skull.

“*Remember what I said.*” Billy reminded. Knew Steve like the back of his hand. Knew the *warning signs*.

Steve’s legs curled. Palms sweating against Billy’s skin - cupping his ass and squeezing. A last effort to make him *slow down* - “Billy-“

“Jesus. You that close already?” Billy taunted.

And there was no point in dodging it, so, “Yeah.” Steve breathed. Bit his lip when Billy lifted up, sunk all the way down again. “Christ - Fuck, Billy-“

He let out a breathy sigh, gasping when Billy stopped - *stopped moving* and then he struck. Grabbed his chin, forced Steve to meet his gaze.

“But you’re not gonna cum yet. *Right?*” Billy affirmed. Held his gaze.

It wasn’t a question, but Steve nodded anyways.

“Good.” Billy smiled. The bed creaked as he leaned over, nestled in the crook of Steve’s neck.

His stubble grazed Steve’s cheek, and Billy bit the lobe of his ear. Rumbled a cautionary, “*Don’t disobey me.*” And his words were heavy - laced with a *promise*.

And Steve hitched a moan when Billy *thrusted*. Ground back and forth, lashes fluttering as he fucked himself, *deep*. Worked up a rhythm.

Billy moaned out. Throaty, almost feral. Nose scrunched, tongue wetting his bottom lip.

And Steve watched his muscles twitch. Felt Billy clench around him. Addicted to the steady slaps where skin meets skin, awoke that instinct inside him. The one that got him all charged up again, the one that compelled Steve to grab Billy’s waist - started thrusting while Billy sunk down.

Punched out heavy grunts, made Billy’s grin falter for a moment, watched his jaw drop, eyes wound up with that tight *pleasure* -

Pleasure - Pleasure pooling beneath Steve's belly, winding up tight, tight - So fucking tight - Steve's legs curled. Palms sweating on Billy's hips - cupping his ass.

Heavy breath clouding the air, heat making their skin stick - Sweaty with Billy's thighs shaking around him, sticky with his hands on Billy's ass, guiding him along.

Gliding into his heat, and Steve curled his toes. Felt that pleasure blooming again, and their thrusts were getting louder, sloppier - slicking Billy up with precum.

"Fuck..." Billy breathed. Rolled his head back, keened into Steve's touch. And Steve watched Billy's abdomen flex, watched his *cock twitch*, and *Christ* -

He held Billy by the hips, started pounding up into him. Punched out broken gasps, moans, made Billy *stagger*. Made him *cackle* - "That's it, Harrington -ohh-

Billy's breath faltered. Wild eyes flashing - *breaking* through the facade.

"Fuck, Steve-" Billy gasped. He leaned back, taut and panting, and *grinding*, and "Mmhf-

Both of Billy's hands were planted on Steve's waist. Sweaty and shaking with adrenaline - Body so taut, haze cloudy -

Steve bit his lip. Gripped him like a lifeline, could barely *breathe* - blood pounding in his ears. Fucked heavy moans and *cackles* out of Billy - Couldn't process anything but the heat, the *pleasure kindling in his gut* - the heavy gratification and *slap* every time he hilted into that heat - Felt Billy's whole body *tense*.

Watched his hair bounce. Lashes fluttering, he tipped his head back.

Billy's jaw dropped. Let out heavy moans that ripped through his throat, rumbled deep in his chest. Lashes fluttering, felt so good, just let Steve keep pounding that spot - Pounded until Billy's whole body twisted with pleasure, blooming and burning, and -

The first shot took Steve by surprise. Nearly hit him in the eye so he staggered, *faltering* and watched through a squint while Billy arched his back. Grinded tight. Drawling out *heavy* moans.

The second shot hit his lips.

Steve gaped. Kept fucking him through, 'cause he knew Billy *liked* that. Liked when it was just a bit too much -

Head rolled back, body taut, Billy kept *coming - untouched*. Came all over Steve's chest, clenching so tight that he threatened to tip Steve over with him.

His teeth were bared, hair wild and tousled in sweaty ringlets. He gazed down at himself with hazy eyes, white-knuckling through another wave. Watched himself paint Steve's chest, *satisfied* by the looks of it.

"Holy shit." Steve breathed. He watched Billy's cock pulse, watched him spurt and ooze - Spurt again. Never seen anything like it, really.

Wetting his lips, he gasped while Billy moaned out. Watched thick beads drip from his cock. Leaked all over Steve's belly.

And Billy let out a sigh. Finally started *stroking* himself along, lips parted. Looked so fucked out and pretty.

Steve was panting beneath him. Felt that heavy - *taut* - pleasure swell in his belly, and -

He grabbed Billy's thighs, started moving again, but -

Billy grunted. Put his palm on Steve's chest. "*Hold your horses, Harrington.*"

Then Billy was pressing him down, and Steve slowed to an obedient stop. Let out a heavy sigh, fingers clenching Billy's skin, "Fuck, Billy, I'm gonna *die*, dude."

Billy was gazing down at Steve with amusement glittering in his eyes. Hair falling in messy ringlets around his face. Sweaty. Heavy lashes *sparkling* with it. “You got a little somethin’ on your face.”

Steve glared when Billy reached down, scooped his own cum off the corner of Steve’s lip.

“Sharp shooter.” Steve commented.

Billy scoffed. Licked his fingers. He took note of Steve’s fidgeting, his gentle flexes, tenses. He rocked his hips, and Steve’s brows tightened.

“Holding back really hard, *huh?*” Billy said.

Steve hummed. The band threatening to snap had gone slack, but still burning. Still keeping him on the edge. He wiped sweat off his forehead and whined when Billy pulled up -

“Yeah.” Steve practically begged, “Yeah, I’m-“

Up, and off, leaving Steve to let out a strangled moan.

And Billy groaned, still laughing. Hollow chuckles, fucked out, *slick with sweat*.

“Come on..” Steve rumbled. “I did everything you asked.”

His cock twitched at Billy’s absence - leaked out a whole pump of pre. If Billy didn’t know any better, he’d think Steve *busted* his load, but no - The guy just drips like a faucet. Cums even *more*.

“Je-sus.” Billy watched it roll down his shaft. Swept it up with a scoop of his fingers, “You’re such a *bitch*, Harrington.” Billy beamed. He licked his fingers again, sucked them dry.

“Yeah?” Steve glared. He slicked his hair back. Chest shining - slick with *sweat*. Wound up. “Wh - I’m the bitch? When you, you just - *came* all over me without even beating off. What was that all about? Must really love taking it up the ass, huh?”

Billy’s nostrils flared. Amused or pissed off, Steve couldn’t decide.

Then Billy let out a hollow laugh. The kind of laugh that made Steve’s heart skip and his blood pump in his ears. The kind that spelled danger. He swallowed.

“You’re telling me...” Billy tipped his head and blinked all *innocent* and shit. “You’ve never cum like that before, Harrington?”

Steve’s lips tightened. By the look in Steve’s eye, Billy already had his answer.

“Jesus, this town.” Billy rumbled under his breath, like he was offended by it. “Alright.”

And before Steve knew it, Billy was grabbing his thighs. Hiking them up and over his shoulders.

“Whoa - Ho, shit-“

He loomed over Steve, all teeth and grit. So heavy on top of him, got Steve’s gut all twisted up. “What, you wanna learn or not?” Billy said.

Steve nodded. “*No, yeah.* Yeah, I do, just-“

“Alright.” Billy shifted his weight, “Then show me that pussy, princess. And I’ll *teach* you.”

Steve glared at him, flushing a deep pink. “You gonna let me cum if I do?”

And Billy broke into a grin. Laughed, a little. He pressed Steve’s legs back and bent over him. Kissed his neck, mumbled a firm, “*Steve.* You spread those pretty legs for me and I’ll have you seein’ stars *all night.*”

“Fuck.” Steve breathed. Vigorous and pliant. “Okay, yeah-“

“Yeah?” Billy grinned.

“Yeah.” Steve nodded.

Billy exhaled slow, leaned over Steve’s nimble body. Kissed his jaw, then his lips. Felt Steve squirm beneath him - Billy was careful not to brush his cock. Was pretty sure he’d burst at mere friction.

Instead, Billy ran his fingers up Steve’s chest. Got his fingers nice and glazed with his own cum. Broke the kiss only to hike Steve’s legs up. Pressed and pushed his soaked digits right into Steve.

“H’oh, yeah.” Steve knuckled the duvet - Gasped when Billy pushed on the underside of his thighs. Let saliva gather in his jaws before spitting all over Steve’s hole.

“Oh my god,” Steve commented.

Billy chuckled. Scooted up, let Steve’s legs fold over his shoulders. He licked his palm, gave his own cock a few coaxing strokes, but didn’t even need to. Was still hard, always ready for Steve.

Billy thumbed at Steve’s hole. Spread him open, Steve gasped when he pushed two fingers in. Glided deep, so easy. Still a little stretched out from earlier, too.

“Oh, yeah- *yeah*-“

“Yeah, I know you like that.” Billy rumbled, “Fuckin’ *slut*.”

“Hey!-“

He slapped Steve’s thigh with his free hand, grinned when Steve’s eyes went wide.

Billy parted his fingers. Let saliva drip off his tongue, spat again. Then glided his fingers deeper, eased in and out, then sped up. Sped up, fast, and Steve groaned - curled into the feeling.

“Ohh, yeah.” Billy agreed. Sped up, sunk deep, until his knuckles were grinding against Steve’s hole, slapping and scissoring their makeshift lube all *over* - Wet and obscene, got Steve’s gut all twisted up again -

“Fuck-“ Steve breathed. Hitched a breath when Billy grabbed his leg, rocked him closer. Felt Billy’s cock glide against his inner thigh.

“That pussy nice and wet for me?” Billy breathed.

Steve huffed, gaze sharp. Spread his knees with a brisk, “Yeah.”

Billy chuckled. "Good." He pulled out slow, grabbed his cock with the same creamy hand. "Now remember, no hands."

"Okay," Steve nodded.

Billy held Steve's leg. Guided his cock with the other hand, rubbed the blunt tip against Steve's hole before pushing right in.

Steve *moaned*. Gaped cause Billy just kept sliding deeper, didn't stop until his balls were flush, clenching against Steve's body.

"*Mmh, yeah-*" Billy rolled his head back, "Wetter than your mother's *cunt*."

"*Jesus, Billy-*" Steve hissed. "You ever shut- *ahh-*" He clenched half circles into Billy's back, dug deep when Billy bottomed out again.

"*Mmh-*"

"*Fuck - yeah.*" Billy breathed. Tipped his head back, *relished in it*.

"*Shit-*"

Billy pushed Steve's legs up, fucked him *deep*. Deliberately *heavy*. Laying it all on him, leaving Steve stunned, gaping and *reaching* for his cock, and-

Billy knocked Steve's hand back. "Hey! What did we talk about?"

"What?" Steve breathed.

"Hands off, pretty boy." Billy affirmed. He wrestled Steve's wrist against the bed and kissed the complaint right out of his mouth.

Lapped his tongue over Steve's, could feel his mouse-like heartbeat, hear the broken sounds in his throat, punched them out with every thrust. Felt the vigor in his veins.

Steve bit his lip. Heard Billy moan, blunt force folding Steve's legs up, as far as they could go. And Steve just held on with sweaty palms, brows knitting while Billy thrusted into him, felt so good -

Spread him so good, Steve felt like he could break. Legs shaking, breath heavy, toes curling. Lost in the haze of pleasure, the smell of sweat and sex and Marlboro Reds and Billy, *Billy* -

"That's it, baby" Billy hummed.

Steve gaped up at him. Brown eyes big and bold, cloudy with lust, and -

"Billy—" Steve breathed. Legs shaking. "Please, man, I'm - I can't, just-I'm so fucking close—"

“Yeah?” Billy breathed.

“Yeah.” Steve’s voice hitched. Face flush, wrists straining under Billy’s firm grip. “Let me - Just let me cum.“

“Alright, princess.” Billy breathed.

“Please-“

Billy held Steve’s wrists down. Fucked him *deep*. “You’re gonna cum for me. Just like this.”

“Mmh-“ Steve struggled under his grip -

“*Just like this*, Stevie Nicks. Come on!”

Steve writhed, and Billy thrusted harder. Held him in place, body taut, driving into Steve so hard that it made the bedframe *squeak* - tap, tap, tap-

He hooked his legs around Billy’s back, rocked with him. “Mmh-“

“Cum for me.” Billy insisted. Fucked up into Steve, fucked him *hard*.

Held him tight, plastered him into the sheets.

Billy tipped his head band, lips pulling into a grin - revealing his teeth. He pounded Steve hard and sloppy, hilted him win every thrust. Threw his whole weight into it.

Fucked him until the bedframe was creaking with their weight, rocking with Billy's force. Hitting the wall. 'Til the mattress was springing Harrington right back. 'Til Steve's whole body was clenching, calves digging into Billy's back, nails stabbing into his shoulder blades, dragging, and -

"I ca- h-hah!"

Billy groaned. Shifted his hips, pumped into Steve at a new *angle* that left Steve gasping.

And Billy felt Steve tense. Kept *hammering* that *spot* - Shocked him *still* - Had his legs - shaking - *shaking* with the pleasure building, building - Breath *hitching*.

"H-oh, shit." He breathed, "Shit-"

Billy's nose scrunched. Grinning. Kept rocking into him, didn't falter, didn't slow, and - "That hit the spot?"

Sweat dripped down Steve's temple, eyes welled up with ecstasy -

lashes fluttering - body tightening. Burning, *cramping* -

Aching and *building, building* - Nodding -

Gaping up at Billy - wound up so *tight and heavy* - Ready to *snap* -

“That’s it.” Billy grinned.

And Steve threw his head back with a guttural moan. Back arching, spurted *all over* himself. *Came so hard* that stars bursted behind his eyelids and he - he cried out with the force of it, felt like he was *levitating*-

“That’s how you do it!” Billy hollered with glee, laughter echoing far off in the haze. “*Yeah!*”

And then Billy was brushing over Steve’s cock, made Steve jolt forward - Moan out when Billy curled his fingers and -

Stroked and *stroked* Steve through. Steve gasped at the *friction, panting*. Painted his chest, creamed all over his belly. And Billy just kept pumping him, pumping out *more* and *more* -

“*Shit!-*“ Steve drawled. Gasped and writhed beneath Billy’s heavy thrusts, sensitive and exhausted, voice hoarse and - wrecked.

“That’s it, Harrington- C’mon! Give it all to me.”

Steve rolled back against the sheets. Bit his lip, orgasm making him hazy. Made his ears ring, made his legs weak. Half conscious with pleasure. He flexed into Billy’s touch, let him work out the heat in his navel - Clenched again, kept *coming* - Came all over Billy’s knuckles, all over himself - Felt so good, he didn’t even care if he made a mess.

“Je-sus...” Billy commented.

He steadily came down to earth, gazing at Billy’s thoroughly glazed Billy’s knuckles. Panting. Billy kept milking him, and Steve gritted his teeth. Kept tensing, leaking feeble dribbles now, but still coming.

He watched it drip down his cock, bit his lip when Billy smeared a bunch of it up. Gathered it on his fingers.

“Taste that *victory*, Harrington..” Billy purred. Thrusted his creamy fingers into Steve’s mouth.

“Mm-h-“ Steve complained. But his tongue lapped along Billy’s fingers - sucked until Billy pulled them out. He smeared the rest all over Steve’s lips - ‘til he was shimmering with it, and Billy closed in. Licked it right off.

Billy exhaled a heavy moan. Their skin was sticking together again, sweaty and shaking - And Billy hummed again, thrusted so deep - fucked into him so good that Steve could *hear* the slap of his balls -

sweat soaking his skin.

“Fuck, Billy-“ Steve hissed. Ears *ringing*. Exhausted - it was so much.
“*Mmh! Sensitive..*”

“I know.” Billy hummed. Batted his lashes, *charming*, “I know - just a little longer - ‘m right behind you, okay?”

Steve nodded. Melted into Billy’s touch when he kept thrusting, kept pumping so hard, like he thought he could get *deeper*. Kept *trying*.

Steve gazed down with bleary eyes. Watched Billy pull back and bottom out, hasty and determined. So exhausted and sore -

“Just cum inside-“ Steve breathed.

Billy gazed down at him. Bright eyes blown wide. He loosely grabbed Steve’s legs, gathered him in.

“Want me to keep you nice and wet for later, huh?”

He held Steve tight, held him down-

“Parents aren’t gonna be home til morning, right?” Billy gritted.

Steve was biting his lip. Nodding. Hair tousled with Billy's force, slowing now - *stuttering* - then *faster*. Made Steve moan out. Made him whimper.

"So we got *all night* to make sure you're knocked up *good*." And Billy's breath hitched. Let out a heavy moan, thrusting deep, with intent.

Snarling, he came to a halt. Teeth gritting. Sweaty palms holding Steve in place. Balls deep, Steve could feel the guy clench - *clench*. Coming undone. Felt him burning deep inside.

Billy exhaled - a ragged, heavy snarl. Licked his lower lip and let it hang there for a beat or two, before finally easing up on his *death grip*. Took a hoarse breath and grabbed Steve's waist - *thrusted again*.

Steve hitched. Was having a hard time catching his breath. Gaze trained on Billy - watched him move in the dusty pink light. Tipped his chin up, and Billy got the memo. Met him halfway.

Kissed him sloppy and slow, and Steve hummed - Gripped Billy's hair, kissed him *deep*. Felt the guy groan. Hips jerking.

And he started *massaging* Steve's walls - Grinding in and out - kept *thrusting* through his orgasm. Grinding and biting Steve's lip.

"Fuck yeah..." Billy breathed.

Steve groaned when Billy started pulling out. Shifted and slipped free with a hearty sigh. The heat from his load dripped down Steve's skin. Felt Billy's cock brush right up against his hole, felt a gush of warmth when Billy gave one last, feeble spurt. Rubbed it in.

"Jesus..." Steve sighed. So fucked out and exhausted, ears still buzzing - Still coming down.

Billy wet his lips. Eyes a little unfocused. Then he rolled off with an unceremonious, heavy thump. Panting.

And for a second or two, they gazed at the ceiling. Catching their breath in comfortable silence.

Then Steve glanced over. Rolled on his side to face Billy while he reached for the nightstand. Grabbed his pack of smokes.

"*Fuck, Harrington.*" Billy breathed. "You are one hell of a shag, you know that."

Billy sparked up, inhaled slow and steady.

Steve watched him with heavy lids, watched Billy exhale, watched the smoke pirouette towards the ceiling. Gazed back down to the cherry of Billy's cigarette.

“Gimme a hit, will ya?” Steve mumbled.

Billy looked over at him. Plucked the cigarette from his mouth with a blasé, “I guess you deserve it, huh.”

Steve took it from Billy, slotted it between his lips. Took a heavy drag and blew the smoke right in Billy’s face.

Billy chuckled. Gave Steve’s thigh a slap. “Watch it.” He took the cigarette back. Fixed his gaze on Mrs. Harrington’s vanity and took another drag. Could see him and Steve reflected in the side mirror.

“So.”

Billy glanced over. Smirked while Steve wiggled his brows. “What.”

“All night, huh?”

Billy glanced down. Cause Steve was gently stroking himself, keeping himself *hard*. “Jesus, you’re a freak.” Billy rasped. Tried not to smile.

“Yeah?” Steve nudged.

“Yeah.” Billy said. “Remember when we first met - One blow and you were *out* like a light.” Billy snapped his fingers to emphasize his

point, and Steve laughed.

He shimmied closer. “Alright. Well. Guess it’s *your* fault for making me a freak. *Freak.*”

“*My fault?*” Billy challenged.

“All signs point to you, Hargrove.” Steve pressed a finger to his chest. He loosely grabbed the chain of Billy’s necklace. Watched Billy’s lips pull into a devious grin.

“You ain’t seen nothing yet, Harrington.”

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading!!

If you liked it and would like to see more from me,
please leave kudos and/or a comment!
I read all of them, and greatly appreciate it!

SaberGhatz ♡